



Tattersall's Club Magazine

The
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OF
TATTERSALL'S CLUB
SYDNEY.

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TATTERSALL'S CLUB

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TATTERSALL'S CLUB

157 ELIZABETH STREET
SYDNEY

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NOWADAYS, we are hearing and reading so much about "fame" in over-emphasis that an understanding of its attributes is overdue.

What is fame, and who rightly are the famous? A close finish at Randwick, the kicking of an angled goal, a match-winning effort at the Cricket Ground—are these and similar crowd-stirring incidents the symbols of fame? Or do we mistake momentary frenzy for the more enduring endowment?

We here are human enough to share the thrill generated by the close finish or the angled goal, but we question whether either incident entitles the principal or principals to the greater hallmark. That is so because something in the sense of higher tribute must be reserved for, say, the unknown soldier "buried with the Kings" in Westminster Abbey, for the men who wear the Cross inscribed "for valour," for the men and women whose contributions to humanity are in the superlative class.

Those are the famous; for their right to fame has been won by deeds, not accorded by words.

The Club Man's Diary

SEPTEMBER BIRTHDAYS:—

1st, Percy Smith; 3rd, G. T. Rowe, R. Quinnell; 7th, R. A. Dunstan; 8th, W. S. Parsons, J. J. Crennan; 9th, E. A. Box; 13th, A. O. Romano; 15th, John Wyatt, F. Gawler, S. N. West, W. Dittfort, C. H. D. Scougall; 17th, S. E. Chatterton, H. V. S. Kirby; 19th, C. H. Dodds; 20th, C. Graves; 21st, Mark Barnett; 22nd, John Hickey; 23rd, Rex Cullen-Ward; 24th, Sir Samuel Hordern; 26th, W. Longworth, P. Pilcher; 27th, J. S. Irwin; 28th, E. A. Nettlefold; 30th, A. L. Brown, H. D. McRae, Capt. W. H. Sellen.

* * *

Told in the club: A meteorologist is a man who looks into a girl's eyes to see whether.

* * *

Tom Sweet was looking at the picture of Cetigne in the billiard room. "I remember that fellow," he said. "The night before the race which provided Randwick's most historic finish I dreamt he had won. Heads separated Cetigne, Wolaroi, Estland and Desert Gold. Unhappily I backed Desert Gold, but happily I had told my wife of my dream."

* * *

John Williamson wrote from H.M.A.S. — to George Chiene: "Bill Forster and I saw Billy Gillson after his recent experiences (and accident). He asked to be remembered to all friends in the club."

* * *

Even in the days of the four-furlong mokes, claims were made about "improving the breed of horses for defence purposes." But there were others, as the part played in the previous war by the sturdy Walers, testified. They stayed until they dropped.

What of to-day. A "Daily Telegraph" turf man wrote:

Breeders of bloodstock are doubtful that breeding remounts and thoroughbreds can be combined. Army remount authorities have asked race clubs to encourage thoroughbred studmasters to supplement the Army needs, not merely in wartime, but all the time. Breeders say the breeding of the two types represents different industries. Remounts are by thoroughbred stallions from half-bred or station mares. The demand for

remounts has raised the price of station-bred horses to unprecedented values. A livery-stable man told me that it was impossible to get a good stylish hack under £50. Rosehill Club's effort to encourage the remount industry with prizes in the Guineas next month has created interest. But I wonder what the owner will say if his filly, which he believes as good as Flight, is picked as best type for mothering remounts.

* * *

Bruce Chiene, son of George Chiene, told in a recent letter home—he is undergoing air training in Canada—how he and a local lad had landed a double:

"I was standing in line to take a ticket on the double—the betting is on the machines—when a Canadian from our air station ranged alongside me. I had picked the favourite and he the second favourite. We decided to share. My horse lasted long enough to win by a head from his. I had two bucks on the winner, but only got 3.70 back.

"After backing the second leg, I noticed it was a 10-year-old grey mare. I was not over-happy. I had two bucks on a roughie, but the old grey mare rolled home. All we got was 16 dollars for two dollars. Eight was the biggest field and the majority of races had not more than seven runners."

* * *

Pilot Officer Ray Bavinton, of the R.A.A.F., attached to the R.A.F. in England, has advised his parents of the arrival in his home of the greatest flier of them all, the Stork, bearing a son, christened David.

Grandfather Alf Bavinton, a member of this club, is town clerk of Holroyd. There's no mistake, its Holroyd, not Hollywood. Never heard of it? Well, it has been a municipality since 1872, and is situated in the Parramatta district.

Pilot Officer Ray wrote his father: "By the time I leave for home I will be well experienced in the use of a new, devastating weapon." He referred to the rocket-firing Typhoon. He further mentions: "I had a grandstand view of the invasion from my plane, it was the most wonderful sight—but not for the Germans."

The new Governor of South Australia is named Sir Willoughby Moke Norrie.

*It is no joke, my name is Moke,
Fond parents gave it to me.
It was their plan, once life began,
That fortune should pursue me.*

*Now, when I to the races go,
The punters follow crying:
"A bloke whose middle name is Moke
Should know all who are trying."*

* * *

Shadow King, which ran in six Melbourne Cups, died at the Bundoora Police Stud, Victoria, and was buried there. Somebody may be good enough to tell us where other great horses—and old Shadow King was great measured by his Cup record—have been buried.

A veteran in the club to whom I put the question said that Goldsborough had been buried at Tocal Stud. This veteran bracketed Goldsborough with Yattendon as the greatest sire of mares. Goldsborough's best yet was Frailty, dam of Trenton, the sire of Wakeful.

* * *

When the smooth-haired English collie was crossed with a dog in which ran the blood of the Gippsland dingo and a black-and-tan collie, the resultant progeny was the kelpie, Australia's best working dog (wrote "D.A." in "The Bulletin"). Thriving on work in the heat, managing sheep in a way no other dog could, more trustworthy than a human when it came to taking charge of a mob, faithful to death, he was also a fighter who would tackle anything. But things started to go against the kelpie when bred carelessly, and he lost something of his original style. So the Border collie crept in, especially in the show-ring, a sphere in which the kelpie is not at his best and from which, in consequence, he has gradually disappeared. There's nothing wrong with the Border collie. He's a fine breed and intelligent. But he's not the tough, enduring 100 per cent. Australian dog needed for Australian conditions that the kelpie is. If the kelpie is bred out it will be a sad happening for the sheep industry.

History to me is a pageant of great names—

And great dames:

Such as Charles the Second and
Sweet Nell of Old Drury,

Antony and his voluptuous Egyptian houri,

Albert the Good and Vicky his Queen,

Napoleon and "Not-tonight" Josephine . . .

So, when I am old and my memory dimmer,

I shall remember Hitler and Himmler,
Because, in my pageant, their shall be styled

The period of Peter Dargin and Miss Betty Wylde.

—H. Hornblower in the "Daily Telegraph."

* * *

A "S.M. Herald" overseas correspondent wrote that London had been called by several names during the passing of time. In the earliest records it was called Augusta, after the Mother of Constantine the Great. The Saxons, after their arrival, mentioned it by the name of London-Byng, which was soon afterwards changed into Lunden-Ceafter, Lundenne, Lunden-Berb or Lunden-Berg. Since the Conquest it has appeared under different names such as Londonia, Londine and Londres, but for many ages now as London.

The etymology of its present name is from *Caer-Lud*, i.e., *Lud's Town*. Most of the places in England were called *Caer* or *Cayer*, and a general name prefixed to it; either from the founder, or from a river near which it was built, or from the nature of the soil or climate, or condition of the place. Thus *Caer-Lud* was given to *Londinium Trinovantum*, from the name of its founder. *Caer Iske*, to *Exeter*, from its situation on the River *Ex*. *Caer* is not a Latin word originally, but was introduced by the Phoenicians, and means *City Seat* or *Place of Burial*.

Other authorities tell us that the Britons in A.D. 130 called this *City Lundain*, that is the *Thames Bank Town*—which, perhaps, is nearer the truth than any of the others mentioned, for even to this day it is called in Welsh "*Lundain*."

A reader reminds me that I have done another injustice to Ireland. "The Mountains of Morn" as the title was here written, might have been justified poetically, the reader concedes. Geographically them the hills from which came the gold of the familiar song are "The Mountains of Mourne."

* * *

A story, straight from the stables, relates to the leasing of a fractious horse by one trainer to another with more faith in mankind and the moods of steeds. The lessee took charge of the horse at 9 o'clock in the morning and it was not until 4 o'clock in the afternoon that he was able to dismount—then having been thrown into a sandheap.

During his long and futile attempts to dismount, the lessee managed to direct the horse homewards, and he was handed lunch by his wife over the back fence—in those brief periods when the steed lapsed into docility.

* * *

Bob Kerr, former stable boy, jockey, head lad and trainer, told this story recently to Jim Donald, of the "Daily Mirror":

On the morning of Carbine's Melbourne Cup, Bob, a 10-year-old, helped a Melbourne shoemaker to bind "Old Jack's" split hoof with cobbler's wax; while trainer Walter Higginbotham looked on. They then walked the great horse to the course. Bob was one of those present in the stall when Carbine was saddled up. "Carbine was as quiet as a sheep," says Bob, "and easily the most composed of the company. Bob Ramage, the jockey, was so crippled with bunions on his feet that when the order to mount came, he hobbled out on two sticks and used them as supports until Higginbotham legged him up. Once in the saddle, Ramage was as right as rain. What followed is turf history. Carbine won, and Ramage shuffled like a cripple to the weigh-in.

"No greater horse than Carbine ever won a Melbourne Cup, and no jockey ever won one under a greater physical handicap than did Ramage."

* * *

Bulgaria's coming into the news again recalls that King Boris knew

of a better 'ole and went to it. While he lived he had to rule a pro-Russian people, pretend to be pro-British while he was pro-German at heart, and calm his wife, a daughter of the King of Italy.

* * *

Mary Gilmore, Australian poetess, turns over the pages of history:

About six years ago I planted a year-old poplar in the top lawn of the Botanic Gardens, the lawn on the way to the National Gallery. This was a cutting from the poplar planted for me at Merry Vale, near Goulburn, when I was born (1865). That was a slip cut from the one set at Kerry Lodge (Old Castle-reagh) for my mother at her birth (1844). Kerry Lodge, still in good condition, was my maternal grandfather's first home out of Sydney. He had the bricks specially burned for its building. The well and the windlass he made have been in continuous use for a hundred years; the old red-gum bole of the windlass is bleached white in the passage of time, but the hand-forged spindle is as bright as silver to-day. Near it are the canes of a grape-vine given to us by Mr. Low from a Bronte House vine.

The poplar put down at my mother's birth came from Mrs. Reiby's first poplar at Reiby House, Newtown. And Mrs. Reiby's tree was a slip from the very first poplars that came to Sydney. Mr. MacLeay had sent for them (two, I think) from England for the new Botanic Gardens he was commissioned to lay out in Sydney. So the tree I planted came home to the place of its ancestors.

* * *

The original Dargan's Grey (buckjumper) was owned and broken in by Ted Dargan, a half-caste aboriginal, and no one else could ride him. About 46 years ago I saw Ted Dargan riding a wild bull round a yard on the regatta ground at Walles Lake, Tuncurry.—R.H. (Moruya), in "Smith's Weekly."

* * *

A tip to the new-orderists, quoted from Theodore Parker: The joys of heaven will begin as soon as we attain the character of heaven and do its duties.



Chelmsford Story

TATTERSALL'S BEST RACE

Only the best horses have won the Chelmsford Stakes decided at Tattersall's Club's spring meetings at Randwick.

Only the best of all ages are available this year.

The Chelmsford Stakes has a unique position in Sydney's racing set-up as the first absolute test each season of the three-year-olds with the older horses.

Run over nine furlongs at weight-for-age, with a reasonable penalty and allowance scale, the race provides full opportunity for every candidate and the records of the race fairly bristle with top class winners, many of the performances leading up to mighty efforts in the best races in Australia.

Last season that hardy veteran Katanga was beaten by Tribal on a very heavy track, Flight, then only a rising star, being an absentee.

For September 16, however, Flight is an entrant, in addition to both Katanga and Tribal, with Main Topic, Mayfowl, Moorland and Veiled Threat for good measure.

The entry of 29 includes 12 three-year-olds, with Shannon the only absentee of note of his age, while Cold Shower also was not nominated.

Flight versus Katanga.

Of paramount interest, and to the exclusion of all else, will be the next clash of Flight and Katanga. Flight was given full credit for her courageous performance to beat Katanga in the Warwick Stakes, while the latter was ungallant enough to attempt to savage her when she had him beaten.

In the Chelmsford, Katanga will have his chance to turn the tables, although Flight now is the popular idol. The extra distance, the different conformation of the field, and the other factors might help Katanga.

His ability to carry weight will be one consideration.

D. Munro admits that he went a trifle too soon on Katanga in the Warwick Stakes, or rather that Katanga travelled up to the leaders more smartly than his jockey expected him to do.

For all of this and that Flight came again with the fast run, whether she is still superior, the Chelmsford Stakes will show. The race would be a spring highlight if only the two were concerned.

On Warwick Stakes running, both Flight and Katanga seem to have the drop on last year's winner, Tribal. Tribal has one good winning run, whereas both of the others can take punishment, win or lose, and come up for more.

Given again a very wet and holding track, another story might have to be told with Tribal the star of the show.

Few of last year's nine acceptors are available again with the third place-filler Rimveil now retired, and Main Topic and Falcon Knight surviving.

Falcon Knight finished fourth, and he will add some interest to the race this year if he strikes the form which took him right into the lime-light last autumn when he downed even the peerless Flight.

Main Topic's New Dash

Main Topic is fit enough and bright enough these days to be deserving of a place in the field. He seems also to have developed some added smartness with age. His second placing last month at Randwick over six furlongs was almost unbelievable.

The contemporaries, Moorland and Mayfowl could be on trial. Both began their spring racing this year

with a blot. Either could erase the bad mark with a first class effort for they were top class two and three-year-olds. From a spring angle in general there could be no more interesting pair.

Goose Boy and Veiled Threat come within the hardy old-timer class, both sterling gallopers, if not on the book Chelmsford Stakes hopes. Racing, however, brings so many surprises that no risk is taken by saying that they can be ruled out.

Grand Fils, Kingsdale, Cream Puff, and Hall Stand are widely different types with a complete mixture of speed, stamina and usefulness.

Shining Night, present time champion weight-carrier in middle-distance handicaps, will have some relief from his avoirdupois, but will be faced by some increased galloping class possessed by his opponents. He is in superlative condition and a worthy entrant.

Castle Frontenac's Trial.

Not the least interesting of the older division, Castle Frontenac will have the measuring stick applied for his big spring races. As an Epsom and/or Metropolitan hope, he can be tried to the full extent by the high-calibred Chelmsford field.

This clears the way for the three-year-olds, with neither Shannon nor the Hobartville Stakes runner-up Cold Shower available.

With Britannic and Removal of this age to support the veteran Katanga, trainer B. R. Payten is in a strong position numerically and otherwise. Although Removal finished only third to Shannon and Cold Shower, there are claimants that he is the ideal Derby colt. He has the frame and the substance, and the Chelmsford result should tell the rest. Removal and Britannic are different types, both good, with Brit-

annic as a three-year-old winner, so far ahead of his stablemate on points.

If the most likely improver of the three-year-olds is sought, the unanimous vote will be for Liberality. He is making up all the time into a horse of class sufficiently good to bring trainer George Price back to a leading role. From a big, immature and gawky youngster, Liberality has developed into a real racehorse.

Good Idea still is rated a Derby hope, despite a failure marked up against him in a three-year-old handicap. He can be expected to run on well, although he will know he has been to the races after running in Tattersall's best race. The gauge will be put on his capabilities.

Scaur-fel, Tea Rose and Miss Sovereign are the hopes of the fillies. They help to make up a grand field, and on their two-year-old records have an advantage over Beaumonde, Accession, Cragman, and Prince Verity of the opposite sex.

Improving Murray Stream.

Murray Stream is an exception to the rule of comparative discards or supers in a good show. The painstaking veteran trainer Frank McGrath has given much attention to a colt who was good enough to win the Fernhill Handicap, for years regarded as an acid two-year-old test. Murray Stream on appearances has repaid the care and patience, and he has not been hurried back to racing.

Comparing past and present in racing is a futile task, and it is not proposed to compare the best of this year's probable field with the great winners of the past.

Flight, however, carries one responsibility, to break a many years' sequence of wins by horses and geldings. Mares have been in minor places in recent years, but not one has been able to win.

Only Tribal has the opportunity of taking one step towards Limerick's record of three successive wins, his first as a three-year-old and his next two years. Limerick's performances are likely to stand the test of time, for not only did he win the Chelmsford Stakes three times, but as a three-year-old he defeated Windbag and Rapine into minor places.

New Zealanders have a great record in the race, and prior to war-

Jim Donald, of the "Daily Mirror," whose memory of stage and boxing ring extends back 50 years, wrote recently:

That I have boyhood memories of "hams" on the stage and third-raters in the ring goes without saying. Like the poor, they have always been with us. But the average of poor performers in both professions was considerably lower 40 years ago than it is to-day. Any day in Darlington Road, I can pick, from the ranks of passers-by, a dozen old-timers of the stage and prize ring who would have outshone many of the present-day headliners. Dick Cullen and George Johns, trim and debonair in their 60's, would have whipped any boxer in their weight class to-day. Show me a dance team like Eddie and Decima McLean, or the musical comedy equal of Carrie Moore.

* * *

The deterioration of which Jim wrote is due to several causes. For one thing, the radio and the movies have accounted for a decline in the legitimate theatre, insofar as popular appeal is concerned—meaning fewer opportunities for fewer performers, and the excursion of potential talent from the legit. to radio and movies. This development is too pronounced and sustained to be regarded as a phase, much as some of us may regret it.

The legitimate theatre is flourishing in wartime—all forms of entertainment share the prosperity of the home front—but, unless something unforeseen happens, a new outlook, a change of heart, a revulsion from sex and shrieks, the radio and the movies will remain tough competitors in peacetime.

time restrictions on travel in 1942, had won 12 of the previous 20 races contested.

In this, the 50th race for the Chelmsford Stakes, all the best traditions will be maintained, and the club should be able to add another contribution to its record of providing some of the best racing on Sydney's turf headquarters.

Look Back at Yesterday

As for the boxers, the game was spoiled long ago by big purses. The showmen entered and the real fighters departed in the majority. Prosperity is, and always has been, a killer.

* * *

Jim Donald recalled old Tivoli days in the "Daily Mirror":

Johnny Coleman made his first appearance at the Tivoli on October 19, 1895, and in my opinion he was the best all-round dancer Australia has known in 50 years. . . .

Wallace King, a negro minstrel, was the silvery tenor of very early Tivoli days. When he sang "Sally Horner" and "Irene, Good-night," his was the voice of an angel descended from some heavenly choir.

Allan Shaw came to Australia with the "First World's Entertainers." Known as "The Emperor of Coins," he was a veritable wizard of sleight of hand. Trim and debonair, Allan is still with us to-day, a gallant, if sometimes unlucky, punter—when he forsakes the "tips" given him by young John, his dashing bookmaker son.

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POUNDS FOR LENGTHS

Handicapping by Weight

Just how much carrying weight means at varying speeds is discussed by John Loder in "The Field."

There has been some speculation upon the point as to whether it was the 5lb. advantage in the weights against the colts that enabled Garden Path to prevail by a head against Growing Confidence in the Two Thousand Guineas. In handicapping, 3lb. being generally taken as the equivalent of one length, it would be assumed that Major Wills's colt at level weights would have beaten the filly by quite half-a-length.

Some people may doubt whether a difference of only 5lb. in 126lb. would make any appreciable difference to a robust type of colt like Growing Confidence. A man of the late William Allison's experience, writing towards the end of his life in 1922, expressed the view that to a powerfully built strong-backed horse, weight made no appreciable difference. He writes for instance:

"I have no manner of doubt that St. Simon would have beaten Minting at 9st. each, one mile, but the result would have been different if the conditions were 10st. 7lb. each, for Minting was well able to carry such a weight at racing pace, while St. Simon would have been overloaded."

Australian Authority.

Beliefs of this kind seem to me to arise from a misunderstanding of the effect which weight in the saddle produces upon the pace and staying power of the racehorse. I incline rather to the view of the Australian Dr. Stewart McKay. In an article written in 1922 for a book called "Racehorses in Australia," Dr. McKay wrote: "If we walk and carry a weight we can go a certain distance and not feel fatigued, but if we attempt to run with the same weight we soon find out the difference. In walking we always have one foot on the ground: in running we are entirely off the ground at times. In walking we put little strain on the heart, for the foot that is always on the ground helps us. If we have to carry a weight and

run we have not only to lift the body from the ground, but also the weight. Naturally the heart is called upon to do more work and becomes exhausted in proportion to the weight carried, the distance it is carried, and the time consumed. The heart muscle in great exertion has to work at eight times its normal rate, and so it becomes tired, and the effect of fatigue is to reduce the output of the heart."

Any slackening from fatigue of the rate at which the heart is performing its function effectively means that the oxygen of the bloodstream is less rapidly renewed, and the necessary impulse of movement to the limbs is slowed down. An increase of 3lb. in 9st. represents about $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. increase in the total weight carried, and it seems not unreasonable to assume that in any two horses of equal racing merit a 3lb. advantage in 9st. should be well equal to a distance of one length over a mile.

All this, however, poses a further question which Dr. McKay appears to have overlooked. If we assume that in a race over a mile the difference of a length indicates the superiority of the winner by 3lb. or 4lb., then the same distance between two horses at full stretch over distances beyond or below a mile ought to indicate different equivalents in weight. If we say that a horse that wins by a length over ten furlongs has 4lb. in hand of the second, surely the horse that is capable of putting a length between himself and the second over 5 furlongs ought to be reckoned to have 8lb. in hand, assuming both to have got off to an equally good start. And again, if we say that 3lb. is the equivalent of a length at a mile, then the horse that wins by the same distance, one length, over a mile and a half, ought to be reckoned to have won with only 2lb. in hand. If this be sound reasoning, then all handicapping, if it is based on equalling the same distance between placed horses with the same number of pounds over all courses from 5 furlongs to 2 miles, is faulty.

Hard Working Holidays.

In this matter of the varying strength and capacity of the heart in different horses, Dr. McKay saw the explanation of many of the inconsistencies of racecourse form. His views on the effect of strain or dilation of the heart have some topical interest just now.

He points out that a man accustomed to office work, getting "run down," and going off for a holiday, may in the course of it take some particularly strenuous exercise, climbing mountains perhaps, and probably comes back to his office in worse condition than when he went away. What has happened? "He has tried to make his heart-muscle do work which it was not prepared to do, and while it may have succeeded, the effort has affected it, and the result is that the heart has become dilated and not able to do the ordinary work it is called upon to perform. What happens to the untrained office man happens over and over again on the racecourse."

One wonders whether it may not have been those two terrific set-to's they had together at Newmarket, in June and October last year, that has prevented Orestes and Happy Land from maintaining this season the supremacy they showed over their less hard-raced contemporaries a year ago.

It is not only the two-year-olds, however, that are liable to suffer this condition of the heart. It can happen to older and more fully developed horses, thoroughly trained and fit, when asked to race beyond the distance of which their hearts are capable without strain. Unfortunately, the use of the stethoscope is unable to give any indication of the capacity of the heart before the event. Only the racecourse test and subsequent strain can reveal what the limit of a horse's capacity may be. Given a long rest from strong work and racing, Fair Fame, Effervescence and Orestes may recover from the strain of racing beyond their proper distance, and re-

capture the brilliant speed of their two-year-old days.

But recuperation from overstrain is not always so simple. More and more one comes to doubt whether serious racing of two-year-olds is not to be regretted. One even doubts whether the usual argument which forms the last line of defence of those who do defend early two-year-old racing, namely, that it gives a chance to the small and weedy to pay for their keep, is really valid. Who can tell whether the small and weedy, given the opportunity to develop naturally for another twelve months, might not improve beyond belief?

Early Two-Year-Old Racing.

Take Isonomy, for instance. When he went to Kingsclere in 1876 he was distinctly on the small side, and already knew how to race. In the hands of nineteen trainers out of twenty, Isonomy, I suppose, should have been prepared for races in the Spring of 1877. In John Porter's hands he was instead not given a race until August, and then over the five furlongs at Brighton. He had two outings in nurseries in October, and was put aside again to develop his strength further until the autumn

of his three-year-old days. He could probably have beaten Pilgrimage in 1878 in the Two Thousand, Sefton in the Derby and Jannette in the St. Leger, if he had been trained for those races, although actually I believe he was never engaged in the Two Thousand. Instead, the only race he was trained for or ran for in 1878 was the Cambridgeshire in October, and he won it with 7st. 11lb.

John Porter always believed he could have won it with 9st. Anyhow, the fact is that, by having been given so much time to develop his strength, Isonomy was a great horse of four years old, winning successively the Gold Vase and Gold Cup at Ascot, the Goodwood Cup, Brighton Cup, Ebor Handicap and Doncaster Cup and, at five years old, the Manchester Cup and the Ascot Cup again, these two being all he ran for in 1880.

When he wrote his autobiography in 1919, recollecting his handling of Isonomy, John Porter said: "My experience convinces me that a vast number of horses are ruined by being unduly forced as two-year-olds, and sometimes as three-year-olds. The

trainer, having made up his mind as to the best course to pursue, fails in his duty if he does not advise the owner to act in accordance with his conclusions."

I wonder whether the policy adopted eighteen months ago with Herringbone and six months ago with Fair Glint marks the beginning of a policy that will become more widely taken up as a sort of compromise between two-year-old training and a longer spell of natural development.

Both Herringbone and Fair Glint were turned completely out of training during the late autumn and winter. Herringbone, after a not outstandingly good two-year-old career, was brought up in the Spring a year ago and eventually proved the best of her age. Similarly, Fair Glint, who was not quite in the first flight last year, has obviously benefited from his rest and is thriving so well and improving, that he is probably already now a better colt than the ten (possibly excepting His Excellency) that were ranked above him in the Free Handicap, and who were kept in regular work through the winter.

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H. V. REYNOLDS, Managing Director.

TATTERSALL'S CLUB (SYDNEY)

SEPTEMBER MEETING

(RANDWICK RACECOURSE)

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16th, 1944

PROGRAMME.

THE NOVICE HANDICAP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £6 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 1 p.m. on Thursday, 14th September, 1944; with £600 added. Second horse £120, and third horse £60 from the prize. For horses five-years-old and under which have never at time of starting won a flat race (Maiden Races excepted) of the value to the winner of more than £50. Lowest handicap weight not less than 7st.

SIX FURLONGS.

THE TRAMWAY HANDICAP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £8 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 1 p.m. on Thursday, 14th September, 1944; with £800 added. Second horse £160, and third horse £80 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight not less than 7st.

SEVEN FURLONGS.

THE THREE-YEAR-OLD HANDICAP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £6 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 1 p.m. on Thursday, 14th September, 1944; with £600 added. Second horse £120, and third horse £60 from the prize. For three-year-olds. Lowest handicap weight not less than 7st.

SEVEN FURLONGS.

THE CHELMSFORD STAKES.

(Weight-for-age, with Penalties and Allowances, for horses three-years-old and upwards).

A Sweepstakes of £10 each, £1 forfeit if declared to

the Secretary before 1 p.m. on Thursday, 14th September, 1944; with £1,000 added. Second horse £200 and third horse £100 from the prize. Horses that have won a weight-for-age or special weight race exceeding £500 in value to the winner to carry 7lb. extra. Horses not having, at time of starting, won a handicap exceeding £300 in value to the winner allowed: three years, 7lb.; four years and upwards, 14lb.; maiden three-year-olds, 10lb.; maiden four-year-olds and upwards, 20lb. Winners of weight-for-age or special weight races (except special weight two-year-old races not exceeding £300 in value to the winner) not entitled to any allowance. Owners and trainers must declare penalties incurred and claim allowances due at date when making entries. ONE MILE AND A FURLONG.

THE SPRING HANDICAP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £8 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 1 p.m. on Thursday, 14th September, 1944; with £800 added. Second horse £160, and third horse £80 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight not less than 7st.

ONE MILE AND THREE FURLONGS.

THE WELTER HANDICAP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £6 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 1 p.m. on Thursday, 14th September, 1944; with £600 added. Second horse £120, and third horse £60 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight not less than 7st. 7lb.

ONE MILE.

CONDITIONS

Entries for the above races shall be subject to the Rules of Racing, By-Laws and Regulations of the Australian Jockey Club for the time being in force and by which the nominator agrees to be bound.

ENTRIES for the above races are to be made with the Secretary of Tattersall's Club, Sydney, before 4 p.m. on Monday, September 4th, 1944.

WEIGHTS to be declared at 10 a.m. on Monday, 11th September, 1944.

ACCEPTANCES for all races are due before 1 p.m. on Thursday, 14th September, 1944, with the Secretary of Tattersall's Club, Sydney, only.

PENALTIES.—In all flat races (The Chelmsford Stakes excepted) a penalty on the following scale shall be carried by the winner of a handicap flat race after the declaration of weights, viz.: When the value of the prize to the winner is £50 or under, 3lb.; over £50 and not more than £100, 5lb.; over £100, 7lb.

The Committee reserves to itself the right to reject, after acceptance time, all or any of the entries of the lower weighted horses accepting in any race in excess of the number of horses which would be run in such a race without a division, except that provision may be made for three Emergency Acceptors to replace horses scratched or withdrawn from the original acceptance.

The horses on the same weight to be selected for rejection by lot.

The nomination fees for horses rejected to be refunded as provided in A.J.C. Rule 50 of Racing.

Horses engaged in more than one race on the same day (weight-for-age races excepted) when one or the other of the races are affected by the condition of elimination, a horse shall be permitted to accept only for one race. Without a declaration by acceptance time as to the race preferred, a horse shall be considered as an acceptor in the first race engaged on the advertised programme.

The Committee reserves the power from time to time to alter the date of running, to make any alteration or modification in this programme, alter the sequence of the races and the time for taking entries, declaration of handicaps, forfeits or acceptances, to vary the distance of any race and to change the venue of the meeting, and in the event of the Outer Course being used, races will be run at "About" the distances advertised.

The Committee also reserves to itself the right in connection with any of the above Races, should the conditions existing warrant it, to reduce the amounts of the prize money, forfeits and sweepstakes advertised, and to cancel the Meeting should the necessity arise.

157 Elizabeth Street, SYDNEY.

T. T. MANNING,
Secretary.

Turf Day—Hyde Park, 18th October, 1944

Second Victory Loan

With an advanced subscription of £10,000 from Tattersall's Club, the Racing Fund of the Second Victory Loan is off to a flying start.

October 18 will be an important date for racing men. That day at Hyde Park—the site of Sydney's first race meeting—will be Turf Day.

The scheme was outlined by Mr. W. W. Hill to a representative gathering of all branches of the racing community at the A.J.C. Office on Tuesday, August 29.

In his opening remarks, Mr. Hill said that the War Loans Council was anxious for sportsmen to contribute to a special racing fund. He felt sure that the racing folk would do their share to make the Second Victory Loan a success.

Mr. Hill added that Tattersall's Club had decided to invest £10,000 in the Loan. This would be credited to the Racing Fund.

Later it was announced that Mr. J. C. Bendrodt would subscribe £500.

Those present carried a resolution to form themselves into a committee to further and encourage subscriptions from racing clubs, organisations and turf supporters to the Loan.

Methods adopted were:—

- (a) Each club and organisation to cover its own members in its own way;
- (b) Appeal in racebooks.
- (c) Appeal over loud-speakers.
- (d) Jockeys' Ball at Sydney Town Hall on October 16.

Advance Subscriptions WAR LOAN

Members are invited to support "Turf Day," to be held in Hyde Park on October 18th, by subscribing through the Club and endorsing the application form—

"TURF DAY" (TATTERSALL'S CLUB)

All information from the Secretary.

T. T. MANNING.

- (e) Turf Day—Special appeal in Hyde Park on October 18.
- (f) Any other method.

In connection with the Hyde Park gala day it was decided that there would be a parade of horses, ridden

by prominent jockeys with colours up and bookmakers would sell bonds.

The selection of bookmakers for the day was left in the hands of Mr. Sep Prosser (chairman of the Paddock Bookmakers Association) and Mr. P. Pilcher, representing the St. Leger.

Mr. N. McKenna, secretary of the Owners and Trainers' Association, said there would be no difficulty in supplying the horses.

Admission to the Jockeys' Ball will be by War Bond, the amount of which has yet to be fixed.

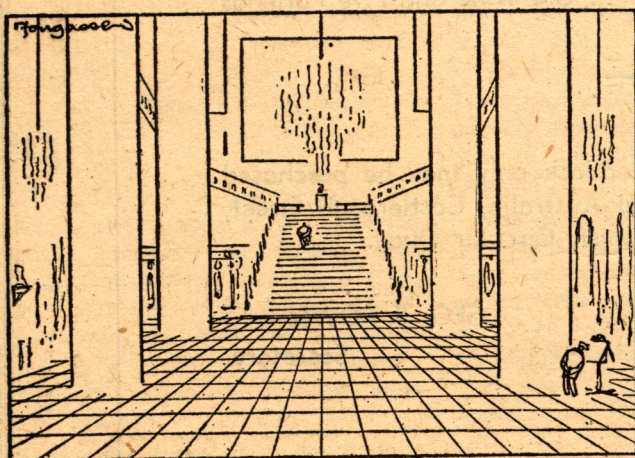
J. Thompson, W. Cook, D. Munro, W. Fellows and other prominent jockeys will act as hosts.

A novel scheme to popularise Turf Day was put forward by Mr. Cyril Angles. It is to take the form of a jockeys' race.

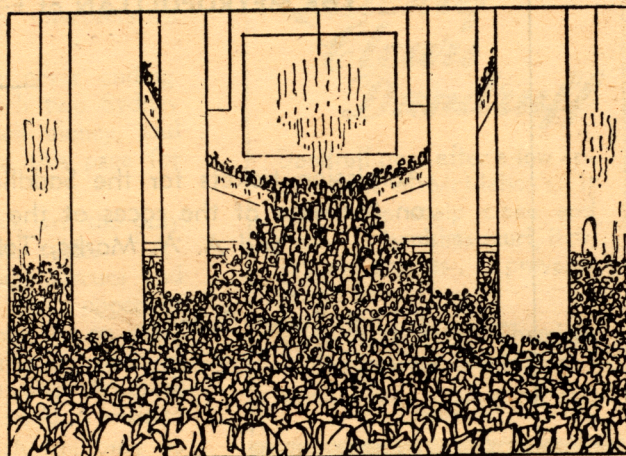
Jockeys would be selected from suburbs in the metropolitan area, and each suburb allotted a certain quota.

The race would finish on Turf Day, and the amount raised credited to the Racing Fund.

The subscriptions from each suburb could later be presented individually by the jockeys to the Mayor of the district the rider represented in the race as portion of that suburb's quota.



The best clubs have always been rather difficult to get into—



Now they've become well-nigh impossible—even if you're a member.

AUSTRALIAN JOCKEY CLUB SPRING MEETING

(Randwick Racecourse)

October 7th, 14th and 21st

PRINCIPAL EVENTS.

First Day, 7th October :

THE BREEDERS' PLATE of £1,300 Five Furlongs

THE CRAVEN PLATE of £1,500 One Mile and a Quarter

Second Day, 14th October :

THE GIMCRACK STAKES of £1,300 Five Furlongs

THE COLIN STEPHEN STAKES of £1,500. One Mile and a Half

THE A.J.C. DERBY of £5,000 One Mile and a Half

THE EPSOM HANDICAP of £3,000 One Mile

Third Day, 21st October :

THE METROPOLITAN of £4,500 . . One Mile and Five Furlongs

Admission tickets for the Saddling Paddock only may be purchased on the days of the races at the Hotel Australia, Castlereagh Street, and A. A. Marks, Tobacconist, Circular Quay.

6 Bligh Street, Sydney.

GEO. T. ROWE,
Secretary.

BILLIARDS AND SNOOKER

A party of members were leaving the club recently and one of the number who had just been decisively beaten by another at a game of billiards got something of his own back by quoting: "Success at billiards is proof of a misspent youth."

Poor old Herbert Spencer would probably turn in his grave could he but hear his now famous outburst misquoted so generally. Never were so few words used so wrongly by so many. Few ever get them right.

The famous philosopher of 1820-1903 vintage claimed to have played at the Athenaeum Club (London) every night for 40 years and once, when beaten, exclaimed "To play billiards well is a sign of misspent youth."

Note carefully the fourth word of the quotation. "Well" has no connection with "often" or victory.

It was E. V. Lucas who, in "Character and Comedy," said: "A man who wants to play billiards must have no other ambition. Billiards is all."

The truth of the Lucas outburst can be verified by close examination of world champions over the last 50 years. With them billiards (or snooker) WAS, and is, all.

In no game is the margin of skill between amateurs and professionals so pronounced, and the explanation is put into three words, the motto of the pro.: "Billiards is all."

According to historians, the first English writer to mention billiards was Shakespeare in "Antony and Cleopatra."

In Act II., Scene 5, Cleopatra ends an oration with: "Let us to billiards." And so, let's!

Rarely is a four-handed game of billiards played these days, although snooker quartettes are regular and popular. A remarkable thing is that only about ten people in ten thousand could tell you the standard game for four players at the three-ball game. It is one hundred and twenty-six up.

In bygone days when tables had wooden beds and cues were minus leather tips, the game was twenty-one up. Then, as conditions im-

Herbert Spencer's Famous Outburst Has Record for Misquotation—Shakespeare Was First English Writer to Mention Billiards—Snooker Rulings Cause Many Headaches—The "Free Ball" Question Cleared Up.

proved the tally was lifted to sixty-three and, finally, to one-two-six.

The following is culled from Captain Crawley's book on the four-handed game and published in 1856:

"The game is generally played 63-up. In some cases a winning or losing hazard puts the player out, when his partner goes in, or vice versa. A player is put out by making two successive misses, running a coup, or knocking his own ball off the table. Each player shall have the privilege of giving advice to his partner. Order of play should be agreed upon at the commencement of the game."

Snooker Brought Its Problems

Of course, there was no snooker in the early days for Spencer, Lucas or Shakespeare to juggle with in words, but lesser lights in legion have voiced their ideas about the multi-ball game and its problems.

All have a "working knowledge" of what is required of the fifteen reds and six colours by the man behind the stick, but very few know the rules. Probably no set of rules laid down for any sport requires so much explanation of interpretation as snooker.

The problems are never ending. Here is one, on which two Sydney players wagered much money, and sent to the writer of this page for decision:—

The pink and black are the only two balls left on the table. "A" aims at the pink, but miscues and strikes the black. His opponent takes seven for the foul, but on going to take his stroke finds the pink on the edge of a pocket with the black touching it. He knows he is entitled to a free ball (which can only be the black) but, by even so much as shivering the black the pink will fall in. What can he do?

The answer is simple enough. "B" was entitled to nominate the black and deliberately use it to knock the pink in. His nominating the black would, virtually and according to the rules, give him "two pinks" to play at—and that law governs all nominated balls for snookers after fouls.

It is an official Billiards and Control Council (Eng.) ruling.

By strange coincidence, almost on the same day as that argument was settled, a club member asked for a ruling which is governed by the above statement. He wrote: "After a foul shot and with the last red on the table, the striker nominates the blue and pots both blue and last red. What happens?"

The striker takes two points and the blue, of course, is re-spotted. The first sentence of Rule 11 covers the query:

"After a foul stroke, if the striker be snookered (a) with regard to all reds, he is then on any ball he may nominate, and for all purposes such nominated ball shall be regarded as a red, except that, if pocketed, it shall be spotted. Consequently, pocketing the blue and red count as if two reds has been pocketed."



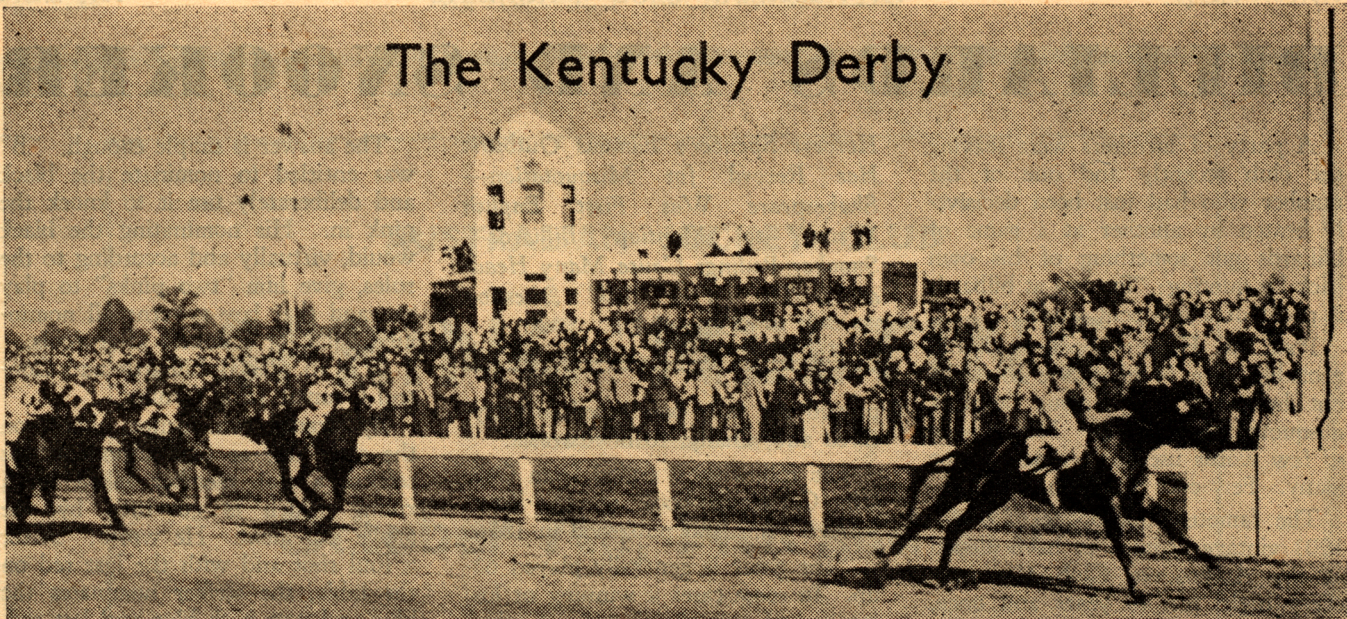
Dandruff goes after a few applications of McMahon's. It makes the scalp clean and fresh... banishes scurf, itching and dryness... prevents falling hair.

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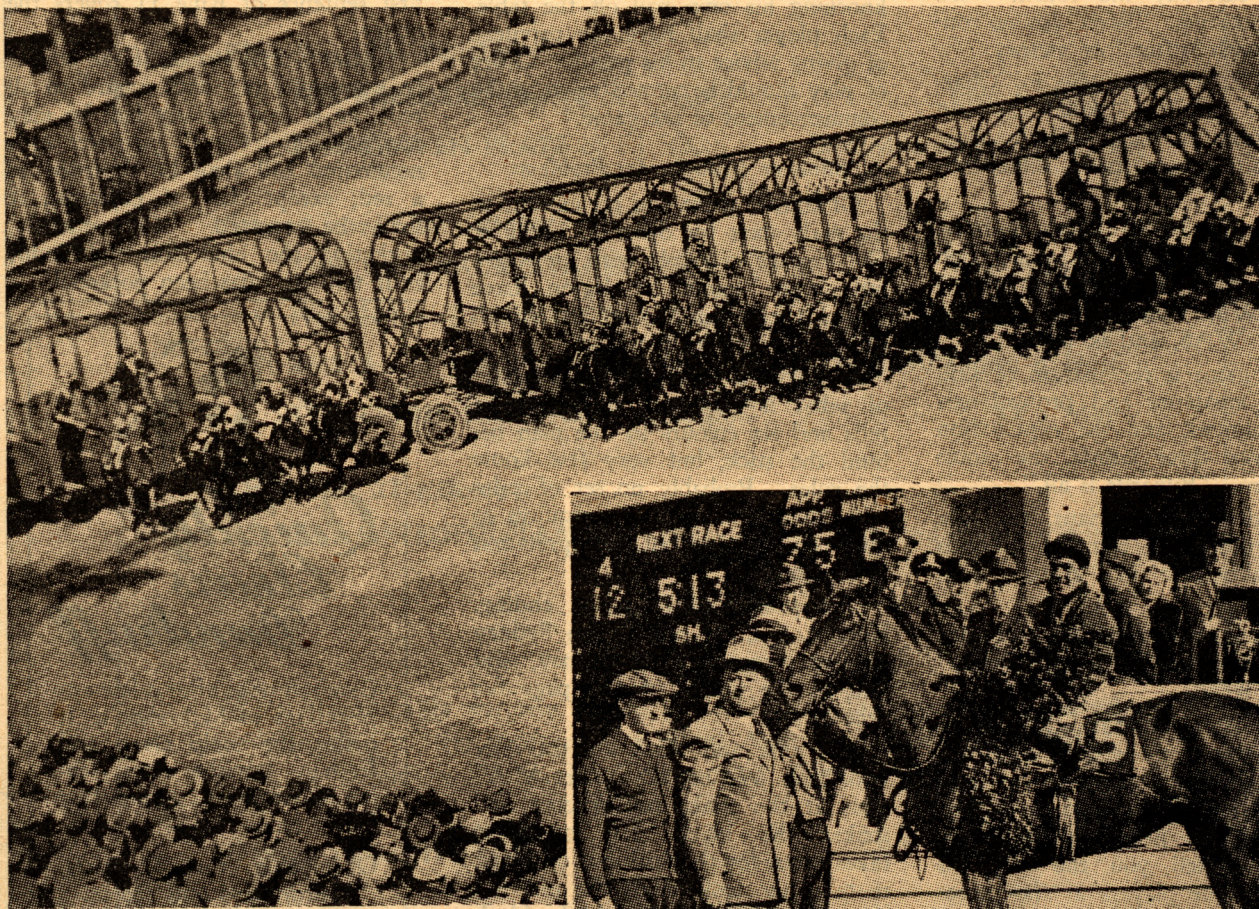


The Kentucky Derby



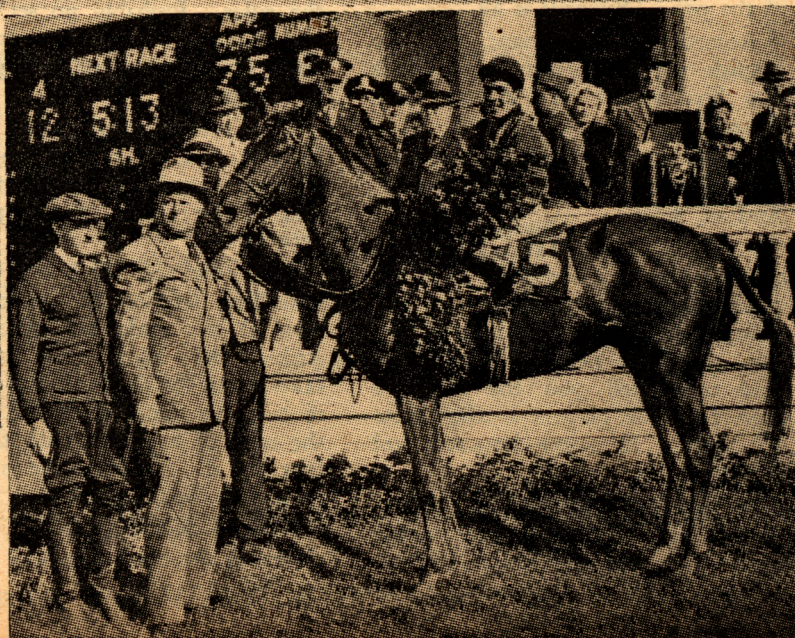
PENSIVE WINS WITH EASE: *Pensive passing the post well away from Broadcloth, with Stir Up third. The track was heavy and the time for the 1½ mile was 2 mins. 4 1/5 secs.*

Pensive, winner of the Kentucky Derby, is a Hyperion colt out of the mare Penicuik, which was exported to the United States early in the war. Penicuik was a Buchan mare out of the Oaks winner, Pennycomequick.



SIXTEEN RUNNERS: *The field for the seventieth running of the historic Kentucky Derby at Churchill Downs was the biggest since 1937. A crowd of 70,000 saw the race, from which the owner of the winner received about £16,250.*

A SON OF HYPERION: *Pensive wreathed in the traditional garland of red roses in the winners' circle after the race.*



BOGEY OF BALDNESS

DYSON CARTER

We have approximately 1,000 hair follicles to the square inch of scalp. This means about 120,000 hairs to a head. A man's head. Red-headed dames—as you know if you've ever tried pulling their hair—have only 90,000 follicles.

Last year men and women paid out millions of pounds in the hope of getting a crop of hair to sprout on their bare and windswept bald spots. That money was thrown away.

Science is finding out the causes of baldness. But there is no tonic or treatment yet available to the public that is worth a wooden dime. Is there any hope for the hairless? Or, to be more practical, can you read the advertisements for baldness cures the way they should be read—for a hearty laugh at their fantastic nonsense?

Medical research has found out a great deal about baldness. This in spite of the fact that nobody ever thinks of giving the doctors a penny of those millions.

Hair is made of keratin. It is manufactured by the hair cells from chemicals supplied by the blood; which in turn gets the raw material from the food we eat. Keratin not only appears as the tenderest silky hair on the back of a baby's head, but also as the bristles in a wild boar's snout, and even as cow's horns, chicken feathers and turtle shells. These things only look different to the girl who runs the permanent wave machine. When you get to know them intimately, the way a biochemist does, at heart they are all good, well-meaning keratin structures.

Keratin ingredients are taken by the blood to the papillae. These little complex pimples, buried deep in the scalp, are the hair factories. They extract the necessary raw material from the blood, and from it manufacture keratin. The keratin is turned over to the hair root (which sits right on top of the papilla) and the root "sprouts" the actual hair. One might say that the

root shapes keratin into a hair and slowly pushes the hair up and out.

However, a hair is not simply a thread of keratin but, rather, a complicated structure. The core of a hair is extremely small, consisting of just two rows of hair cells. Around this lie the cells carrying the pigments that give colour to the hair. On the outside, wrapping the hair like the bark of a tree, are

As for wavy and curly hair, you must take what you have and forget trying to change it. These features are controlled by the follicles—the "sockets" into which the papillae fit. A straight follicle gives you straight hair. Twisted follicles give the Negro his kinky growth. In between these two extremes come Little Lord Fauntleroy's curls and Veronica Lake's maddening undulations.

Of course, after the hair is grown, it can be made to straighten or curl to a limited degree, but new growth will always have those features which are determined once and for all by the follicles. You are born with them. In the future science may discover how to turn your follicles from their straight and narrow path to one more alluring, but as yet nothing can be done.

Rate of Growth.

You may have deduced from these cold scientific facts that every follicle grows a hair, or used to when you were younger. Hairs grow out of the follicles at the rate of half an inch a month. After a time the healthy follicle will shed its hair. Is your hair falling out? Then don't worry. The normal scalp lets twenty-five to a hundred hairs fall out every day! Count your combings and see.

Now we've come to the problem of baldness. It has little to do with the hair falling out. Your husband went bald because his follicles and papillae failed to grow new hairs to replace those he shed on his overcoat.

Can we find out how to keep the papillae producing threads of keratin? Or upside down: can we find out what makes them quit? Those are the questions science could probably settle to the bald man's salvation, if so much wasn't wasted every year on perfumed hocus-pocus. In the meantime, here are the present theories on baldness:

Heredity is the simplest, most hopeless and quite meaningless theory; we have tendencies to all

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New York Athletic Club, 180 Central Park South, New York, U.S.A.

Terminal City Club, 837 West Hastings St., Vancouver, B.C.

The San Diego Club, San Diego, Cal., U.S.A.

horny transparent scales. So indestructible in the outer coating that in the grave hair will outlast human bones.

Number one illusion is that hair "lives." It is dead keratin. You can't possibly affect your hair's growth by burning the ends with a singe.

sorts of defects that can be cured, so why should the bald give up hope? Wearing hats and working indoors are causes for baldness that have pro and con evidence. Disease and nervous shock definitely can cause loss of hair, but not of the sort ordinarily called baldness. The endocrinologists have established that hair growth can be markedly influenced by the glands of internal secretion. And the celebrated permanent wave authority, George Nessler, maintains that men go bald because they cut their hair and weaken the clinging action of the follicles. Certainly this theory has statistics on its side, for very many more men go bald than do women.

Most of these theories are optimistic in their promise of eventual cures for bare pates. But the very latest theory of the shining scalp is very depressing indeed. It is advanced by Dr. Frederick Hoelzel, and is so simple that in the face of it the most ardent tonic worshipper feels his faith crumbling.

Dr. Hoelzel, an observant anatomist, began looking around inside empty skulls. He studied the skull bones, the cranial sutures (wavy cracks or joints in the skull bones) and the foramens (spaces through which blood vessels pass out to the scalp).

The bald-headed dead men all had one thing in common. Calcification of their skull bones had progressed very noticeably. This means that bony growth had closed up the cranial sutures. Further calcification had partially or completely closed the small foramens. This latter process had clearly pinched off the small veins that connect with the diploic veins inside the spongy tissue of the skull bones. Dr. Hoelzel observed all stages of this calcification and its resulting "process of impairing the blood circulation of the scalp."

As we saw, the blood transports to the papillae the necessary ingredients for making keratin or hair.

So he concludes: "This, then, not only explains why baldness occurs but also why men are more likely to become bald than women, since bone growth or calcification is generally greater in males than in females. Obviously 'hair tonics' or vitamins are not likely to restore a 'blood circulation through what has practically become 'solid ivory.'"

However, the situation is not quite so hopeless as it seems. Dr. Hoelzel's theory is only a theory. Certainly a cure for baldness, or at least a preventive, might develop from this theory. It amounts to the problem of discovering why we start calcifying under the bowler, and how to prevent it.

There are many medical problems far more urgent than baldness. While we are waiting for the solution, why not relax? In fact, the only advice science can give to the man sadly watching his foliage depart, is to avoid mental and physical strains and keep the scalp clean. —"Magazine Digest."

WAR MAY HAVE UPSET YOUR WILL

HIGHER TAXES, lower interest rates, reduced dividends, a pegged share market, and higher living costs will probably change the result of any Will you drew up before the war.

Instruct your Solicitor to bring your Will up to date, and, if you would appoint an Executor with 58 years' experience in administering estates of every kind, an Executor who will be on duty perpetually, appoint Perpetual Trustee Company Limited.

The Company has printed a book discussing some of the pitfalls into which an inexperienced executor may easily fall. A copy will gladly be sent on request.

No man or woman with an Estate to bequeath should fail to read this book. Write for it to-day.

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SHORT HISTORY OF THE HAMMOCK

Where, O, where is there a hammock?

Now, there is an objet d'art. It was hung between two trees, a width of loosely woven cloth which looked as if it could not support the weight of one person, but it could, and on the one end was an attached pillow. That was the only silly thing about a hammock. No one could ever possibly sit or lie high enough for his head to reach it.

A hammock was an invaluable aid to romance. The girl seated herself first, and one end became a toboggan. The young man seated himself next, but slid down the toboggan right next to the girl. Naturally he must extend his open arms to prevent his falling head first into her lap. And what do you think? The oddest thing happened. He had in his arms the Girl of His Dreams, the Desire of His Heart, the Love of His Life.

Some years later, when young ladies took to wearing high heels and carrying tiny parasols with wide lace edges, came the lawn swing, but it was a pusillanimous perversion of the hammock. It was simply two seats facing one another with a moving floor beneath, all suspended from a frame. It was not nearly so useful in summer romance, but it had its points.

The sun could shine in the girl's eyes, and she would murmur softly if he minded if she sat on the other side with him so she could see better. Or she could suddenly become a bit dizzy from the movement of the swing and could almost faint, which

What is ripe old age? From the following, according to Grantland Rice, it depends on race, or point-of-view.

How would a member of the so-called human race compare with a horse, age for age? Who would finish on top? We are now referring to competitors among both breeds, meaning those in competition, when it comes to a matter of speed and stamina. The answer is: There would be no competition; the horse would win.

In checking up on this situation, we talked with J. P. (Sammy) Smith, John Partridge and Maxie Hirsch, three famous trainers. Their consensus was that a racehorse at seven years of age approximated a man at forty-five or maybe fifty; that a racehorse nine years old was about the same age as a man of sixty or sixty-five; that a racehorse from fifteen to seventeen years of age was about in the same age class as a man of eighty or maybe ninety.

Now, you may be able to recall the number of good human runners between sixty-five and ninety. Off-hand, I can't think of any, travelling against any class. But Messrs. Smith, Partridge and Hirsch knew many

would bring the smelling salts and the manly shoulder to rest upon, which always led to the altar.

Those were supposed to be slower days than these, but they managed quite well, don't you think?—Royal Engel in the "Tribune" (U.S.A.).

horses which were still winning at what would be a venerable and bordering human age.

"Did you ever hear about Budweiser II?" Sammy Smith asked. Let me tell you about him. He was still winning races and running well when he was seventeen years old. For a man that means around eighty-five."

At this point the talk developed into a fluid flow of names from Budweiser II. to Tippetty Witchit, who was still winning at fourteen, a juvenile compared with Bud.

Outside of Tippetty Witchit, my favourite veteran has always been an ancient nag named Malicious. When he was fourteen years old he was running at Santa Anita. His favourite distance was a mile and a half or two miles, preferably two.

He had the habit that most veterans have in distance races. There were times when he would be thirty or forty lengths back of the pack. You had the feeling that his jockey couldn't win from there on a motor cycle, or with a D-29, and then there would be a hum that grew steadily into a roar, and this was the roar: "Here comes Malicious!"

And Malicious kept on winning race after race.

All this should be encouraging news to those between sixty-five and ninety years old. If horses can keep on winning at this somewhat sere age, why should the human being surrender his laurel boughs and give up? Life might begin only at sixty or seventy. Who knows?

WAIT FOR AGE

LOOKING OVER THE YEARS

RACING FIXTURES — 1944

SEPTEMBER.

Red Cross Race Meeting (at Randwick)	Saturday, 2nd
Canterbury	Saturday, 9th
Tattersall's	Saturday, 16th
Rosehill	Saturday, 23rd
Hawkesbury	Saturday, 30th

OCTOBER.

A.J.C. (Spring Meeting)	Saturday, 7th
A.J.C. (Spring Meeting)	Saturday, 14th
A.J.C. (Spring Meeting)	Saturday, 21st
City Tattersall's	Saturday, 28th

NOVEMBER.

Rosehill	Saturday, 4th
Victoria Park	Saturday, 11th
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	Saturday, 18th
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	Saturday, 25th

DECEMBER.

Moorefield	Saturday, 2nd
Canterbury	Saturday, 9th
Ascot	Saturday, 16th
A.J.C. (Summer Meeting)	Saturday, 23rd
A.J.C. (Summer Meeting)	Tuesday, 26th
Tattersall's	Saturday, 30th

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THE first white men to set foot in the district at Wyong were not settlers but convicts, escaped from the Penal Settlement at Kingstown, now Newcastle. On two separate occasions was an escape attempted, unsuccessfully, however, as the absconders were in the first instance picked up by the sloop

"Edwin" on a sandy reach near Broken Bay and in the second case recaptured near "Reid's Mistake," or as we now know it, "Lake Macquarie."

Then in 1822, William Cape, a free settler, with a family of seven, arrived in Van Diemen's Land. A year later he removed to Sydney and became a schoolmaster, although his ardent wish was to farm his own land. This wish was granted in 1825 when he was promised 1,000 acres of land at Wyong, together with 500 acres for each of his sons, William and Richard.

William Cape, Senior, selected his "promised" grant "Treelands" on Wyong Creek, near its junction with Jiliby Jiliby Creek, about two miles from the present site of Wyong whilst William Cape, Junior, took up "Wyong Place" about half a mile up Wyong Creek, and his brother, Richard, "Condobbins"—this latter site being on the south side of the creek.

The selection of Richard Cape's land became the cause of considerable argument and litigations for some years and it was not until 1840 that the matter was settled and a further grant made to William Cape, Senior.

The first survey of the district was made in 1828 when Asst. Surveyor Florence passed along the coast from Broken Bay to Lake Macquarie. In 1830 Surveyor Ralfe arrived at Tuggerah Beach by boat from Newcastle to trace Wyong Creek and to survey the farms of the Cape family and the holding belonging to Mr. Hely—a settler in the district. Then in 1831 Asst. Surveyor Matthew was sent to survey the mountain ranges west of Tuggerah Lake and in his report to the Surveyor-General, Major Sir Thomas Mitchell, he stated that some 15,000 feet of cedar had been cut in the area and shipped at Cabbage Tree Hollow—a small bay inside Bungaree.

In 1840, the landholders in the vicinity of Brisbane Water applied to the Governor for a road to be made between Gosford and Dora Creek at Lake Macquarie which crossed Wyong Creek at Cape's "Wyong Place" grant. This was officially opened in 1867 and so this "small agricultural settlement" received its first permanent link by road with the outside world.

Even in the late 60's the scanty handful of farmers and settlers realised that the future of Wyong district lay in improved transport facilities and so agitation for a railway commenced and was carried on for more than 10 years during which time, through it all, Wyong, practically unheard of in Sydney, remained a little Sleepy Hol-



WYONG

low. Not even a "village" site was proclaimed there by the Government.

Then on August 15th, 1887, amidst much public rejoicing, the Minister for Public Works, Mr. Sutherland, opened the section of line between Gosford and Waratah which passed through the Wyong district.

Postal facilities at Wyong were first provided in 1888 when a Receiving Office was established at the railway station, the officer-in-charge being Mr. Grocott, who received the princely sum of £5 per year for his services, and during 1889 the first School was opened with Mr. William Berry as the first teacher and the enrolment of pupils totalling 50.

In 1889 also commenced the real progress of Wyong when Lord Carrington officially opened the Hawkesbury River Bridge which made possible direct communication by rail with Sydney. Close on the heels of the railway line came the subdivision of privately held land at Wyong, and it was by means of this action that the town of Wyong came into being, because Wyong is not a town established by Government proclamation—"it jes' growed!"

In the early nineties subdivisions were made by H. F. Halloran and C. Harper—incidentally it may be mentioned that the population at this period was less than 200.

The first Wyong Agricultural Show was held under the auspices of the local Sports Club on 2nd and 3rd March, 1906, and at the gathering Mr. Charlton M.P. said "the day is not far distant when the whole of the territory between Gosford and Dora Creek will be directly interested in the dairying industry."

Wyong is controlled by the Erina Shire under the Local Government Act of 1906 and at the first election in November 1906 E. J. Woodbury, G. Goldsmith, M. Ward, J. Lilley and O. B. Connolly were elected Councillors.

In 1907 the "Sydney Mail" referred to Wyong as a centre of distribution where milk, eggs, butter, poultry and general produce came from miles around. Three important dairy farms operating were Danes, Davey's and the Wyong Place farm. These dairy farmers grew maize, barley and oats, the maize yield in 1906 being as high as 70 bushels to the acre.

Up to 1929 the residents of Wyong depended for their domestic water supply on their own

tanks but in that same year a site for a reservoir was resumed on Wyong Hill and now a town water supply is reticulated throughout the township.

Since the early 1830's the Wyong district has been noted for its timber, and in 1886 about 10,000 acres of rugged and rocky forest land lying between Wy-

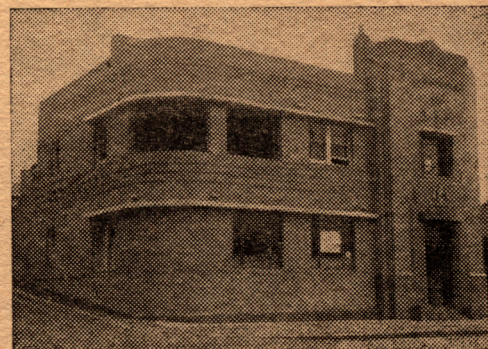
ong and Jiliby Jiliby Creek were set apart for a timber reserve. In 1904 some fine young cedars were reported as growing at the head of Jiliby Jiliby Creek, and it was also stated that the whole area was suitable for reafforestation. In 1916 the area was increased to 12,000 acres and dedicated for a State Forest. At this period, although classed as a "cut out forest," it still contained an excellent supply of ironbark and from a timber standpoint was still considered, with careful handling, to be capable of becoming a source of great wealth to the Wyong district and to the State.

In the area surrounding Wyong the land supports thousands of cattle and horses, whilst pig-raising is also carried out. There are many acres under cultivation for maize, green feed and fruit; the annual butter production is very considerable and heavy loads of fish, fruit and vegetables are consigned to the City Markets.

And in the midst of these fertile and pleasant lands stands Wyong township, 41 feet above sea level and on the north bank of the picturesque Wyong Creek. It is one of the most favoured of tourist pleasure resorts along the coast, and in close proximity to such beauty spots as Yarramalong, Dooralong, Kanval, Jiliby, Killarney, Tuggerah Lakes, Long Jetty and The Entrance.

Wyong, thriving centre of a rich and potentially richer district is well provided with the amenities for comfortable living; the town has a splendid water service, electric light, impressive business premises, comfortable homes and also every organisation and institution for the progress and betterment of the district.

The future holds much for Wyong and in vision we can see that the development of the pre-war period will be but a stepping stone to the forward march of Wyong in the post-war years to come.



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